The Bystander, November 13, 1918. No. 780. Vol. LX.

The BYSTANDER

"AUT 'KAISER'—AUT NULLUS"

THE "HUMBLE HUN": "I vos German Democrat, Mein Herr. I come to press my suit for peace"

THE UNYIELDING YANK: "I'll press your suit later, sonny, after I've pressed this here necktie on your Mister William Hohenzollern"

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS ON THE WORLD WAR — AND ON THOSE WHO WAGE IT WISELY AND OTHERWISELY

Midnight, August 4, 1914——11 a.m., November 11, 1918.

Curtain

THE dark night of war brought down upon humanity by Wilhelm Hohenzollern on August 4, 1914, has been dispelled by the victorious "cease fire" given out by Marshal Foch, Generalissimo of the Allied Armies, at 11 a.m. on November 11, 1918. With thankfulness to God; with grateful tears for all those who have given their lives in the conflict, with heartfelt rejoicing, the whole British race, the Allied nations, and all humanity welcome the new day.

Exit Cæsar!

SO the man who was Kaiser has come down to earth. From vain-glorious boasts of a resolve to seek death on the field of honour William of the Mailed Fist has turned to the softer way of the armchair of obscurity. He makes his choice, and has elected to be "as our raree monsters are, painted upon a pole, and underwrit, *Here may you see the Tyrant!*"

Should We Shout?

WE have never shouted during this war. Even our church bells have been dumb. When Allenby stretched out his hand and took the East; when Austria, stricken to the heart, fell out, and uncovered the way to our most hated enemy's flank, there was no vestige of mafficking. We were dazed by the immensity of the present and the anguish of the past. How can one cheer when one thinks of those silent figures with their faces to the sky? And this is why I think there will be little shouting at the end, except when we welcome the men returning, and then they will understand why the eyes of many of us will be full of tears.

An Iron Peace

TO nearly every one of us the high diplomatic happenings of the last ten days have brought an inexpressible relief. The peace terms are clearly to be what they should be—peace with the sternest punishment—a "knock-out" peace for all who sought to destroy us. Some of us had grave fears as to this, engendered very naturally by the old-time weakness as to the blockade, and the bewildering tenderness displayed to alien enemies. But now we may all be satisfied. The soldiers have the matter in hand. What may be left of the Germany to which the enemy crawls back—and when Germany gets to work on Germany there may not be much—will be anything but a training ground for blustering murderers in the future. Bernhardi will be dethroned for something appropriately snivelling. Our sole interest in the country will be in what she pays us.

Herr Dodo

MEANTIME, in all the lands of the Union Jack, *We* must see to it that Germans are as extinct as the Dodo. On this we must tolerate no sort of

IMPOSSIBLE!

THE BOCHE: "But you will not humiliate me?"
FOCH: "You have placed it beyond my power to do so"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

nonsense at all. Our emphatic and unqualified demand must be for immediate deportation of the whole vile swarm, and perpetual banishment. We have now a stern passport system; we must retain it. We do not want and we will not tolerate any German whether he be prince or barber's latherer. The latter might be less disreputable, but no more acceptable. As for German goods we have learnt much under the driving power of war. So far as she is concerned, we can make what we want for ourselves.

The Election

THIS wholly unnecessary election will have its humours and also some very welcome tragedies. Already our politicians are beginning to swell with importance and strut like popinjays. Very few of them have the barest notion of what is in store for them at the polls. Their speeches, already nicely typed and in their pockets, will strike feebly the forgotten note of the pre-war tune. We shall shudder when we hear them and know whom to vote against. Those of the old gang who may scramble back will, after all, be but childish ninepins for Tommy and Jack to have their shie at when they are free to interest themselves. The very problems of reconstruction are in the clouds. When *they* come to earth for serious handling our dear old M.P. doddlers will be sent sky-high to take their place. I feel sure that the new Parliament will be a very short one. We shall hardly have time to realise how ill-equipped it is. Why not finish up the war before we start on the new job?

THE INCUBUS

GERMAN DUSTMAN: "Take it away, mum? I couldn't really do it!"

What is to Happen?

MR. LLOYD GEORGE, joining with Mr. Bonar Law, will issue a manifesto dealing pleasantly with an agreed policy on Home Rule and Tariffs and several other matters in which no one takes the slightest interest. Some of the once notorious leagues will awaken fitfully from sleep and pit their ingenuity against the new Act of Parliament. Many speeches will be made about almost everything except what matters, and we shall get a new House of sorts. But it will melt away like snow in sunshine when our men get home. Then we shall have another election, and it will be a real one. And *that* House of Commons will also be a real one, and after that we may get on a little more easily and a great deal more sensibly.

More Light!

THE moment would seem to have arrived when we may, without being held guilty of high treason or of disrespect to Dora, plead for the better lighting of our streets. The official position is that such a luxury as the use of more gas would be wanton extravagance in the hard times present—and to come. But it does not seem to be a question of the use of more gas. All that appears to be necessary is that the obscuring paint should be removed from the glass of the street lamps and that the police restriction as to the drawing of blinds should be removed. These changes would give us a little more light to go on with until such time as we are again rich enough to be able to afford properly illuminated thoroughfares.

"Nous Sommes Trahis!"

HISTORY repeats itself. In the worst days of the Franco-Prussian war the French discovered that they had been betrayed by the ruling powers, and they shouted out their conviction to that effect with no uncertain voice. It is now the turn of the Germans, with greater reason, to send up the same cry of despair, and that, too, on the morrow of another fall of Sedan. It is at last being realised in Berlin that the daily "victories" with their ensuing school-holidays, were merely the *panem et circenses* to keep the people quiet, and though they may have suspected something of the kind they never mentioned it till the defeats "according to plan" became too ridiculously obvious to be ignored.

In Time for Christmas

ITALY KILLS THE AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN BIRD

An Italian Artist on the Italian Victory

Fashions for those Going to the Country

"My de-ar Winnie, we are simply too s-weet! They've just come in time, too; so glad we waited! I always—er—say *(turning his head slightly)* that, for the country, there's nothing more fetching and impressive than a really large wreath of nice fresh laurels. No one else will have a look-in against us now! *Everybody* is wearing them in Paris, too, you know!"

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

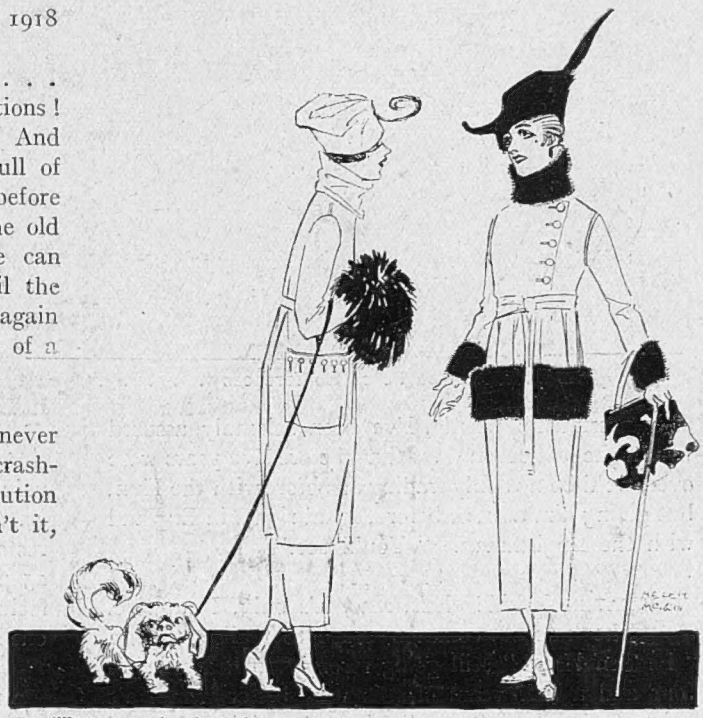
A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE." Illustrated by HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *November* 11, 1918

DEAR COUSIN—

WHAT times, eh? What a vortex! . . . . Talk about cataclysms! And combustions! And Charybdis! And earthquakes! And revolution! The historic hours whizz by so full of drama, the thrones of Europe totter so giddily before our eyes, the old creeds, the old servitudes, the old traditions crash so irretrievably . . . . One can only stand breathless, watching, waiting, until the curtain falls upon Armageddon, and rises again on the greatest problem of all—the re-making of a war-worn, war-torn world.

SHAKESPEARE himself, and at his greatest, never foresaw or imagined such a drama, such a crashing of nations and reeling of kings, and dissolution of the empires. Makes a fair wash-out, doesn't it, of all history *we* ever learned at school? Apropos, in view of its immensity and far-reachingness, perhaps the educationists of to-morrow will drop their old-time fatuous habit of rigidly excluding from the curriculum of the schoolchild all mention of modern history, and include, anyway, a dash of it.



"With an election this month—hardly be time to get clothes, would there?"

OH! the wasted hours, and the wasted energies, and the wasted freshness of young brains—poured out like water over the puerilities of Alfred and his stale old cakes, Henry VIII. and his marital excesses, and such-like ancient and farcical flummeries. But I guess, all the same, that for the next hundred years or so, anyway, they'll totter along the same old paths, dragging their unfortunate neophytes in boredom at their heels. After all, the mere marvellous birth of an amazing new Europe—what is *that* so completely to transform the stagnant conservatism of the most conservative of professions?

MEANTIME—well, anyway, some of us have been learning some geography these last delirious weeks. Europe in eruption's one of those sights you don't see every day, and the steadiest heads have spun a bit as the unbelievable unbelievably happened, and the world wildly whirligigged down into the whirlpool of democracy where the Will of the People only must prevail. Birth is always the wonderfullest thing in Nature. Seems hardly less wonderful in nations.

"Oh! the wasted hours"

BUT the sight of sights, of course, has been to watch, at the parting of the ways, the forsaken, fanatic, foredoomed nation, which has bathed the world in blood and watered for half humanity the path of life with tears. Would the Hun fight? Would he surrender? And what of the Kaiser? By the time you get this we may know. Meanwhile, there's *some* tension—not the least of which hangs upon the doings of the peacemakers in Paris.

FOR, whatever the Boche does, or doesn't do, it's from Versailles now that there comes the settlement of the future of the world, the fighting men having, for four or more long years, valiantly prepared the way. And there's no denying, it's *very* nervous we are of the diplomatic-cum-political peace—not having yet *quite* forgotten, you see, how, together, the diplomats and the politicians prepared—or did not prepare—the way for war.

IT'S, of course, though, *the* topic of conversation here in England now—the *sort* of peace, and when. And I'm afraid there's not much hope left for my pet annihilate-the-

old-Boche theory of settlement (or, at best, a serving of the enemy as the enemy would have served us, viz., leaving them nothing but their eyes to weep with). Anyway, to my horror, by three thoughtful and not

"If women sat on Peace Conferences . . . . ."

ultra-pessimistic people, I've been solemnly assured within the last seven days that, before five years were over, we'd be not only trading as before with the Hun, but giving him also, as before, equal rights in England with the Englishman. "You'll see."

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HEAVEN forbid! But, alas, it's only, I suppose, the merest common-sense to realise that a "Hidden Hand," still going strong and hearty after four and a half years of this very bitter war, isn't going to lose any "pep" when the piping days of peace come round again.

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APROPOS, except among the people who really think (and these, of course, are the exceptions), what is *not* much talked about here in England now is what will soon matter most of all, and that is how to reconstruct a world that, since August, 1914, we've united, foes and friends alike, in destructing. The subject bristles, like the fretful porcupine, with difficulties. Always so *much* easier, isn't it, to pull down than to build up? And certainly it'll take some doing, after these fearful years, to remake the poor old world even a little nearer to the heart's desire.

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AND need some courage, too, which is what, with splurge, our builders-up somewhat lack, I'm afraid. But there! Men are *so* timorous, aren't they? And always dreadfully handicapped, of course, poor dears, by thinking it their duty always to apply those dull *formulas*, reason and logic, to their public actions. As if reason or logic *ever* got to the heart of anything.

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NOW, if women sat on Peace Conferences, same as they'll sit in the next (or perhaps the next after that) Parliament—well, it wouldn't frighten *me*, for instance, if unconditional surrender of the enemy *did* mean, for the surrendered to, unending and unmeasured responsibility. After all, so long as one's top dog, who cares? Better be *too* busy, ruling the world, than nice and restful letting someone else wield the sceptre.

"An ex-babelet of the Bounding Blue"

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BETS are being offered me—and refused—about whether there will or won't be any women members in the new Parliament. That dull vice, caution, is not one of my failings usually. But, really, this is too sudden, isn't it? And as a prospective female candidate remarked: "With an election this month, hardly be time even to get *clothes*, would there?"

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MEANWHILE, here in England now, 'flu's down but Tube fares are up—which now makes the value of the good old British pound somewhere about 4*s.* 6*d.* and *that* taxed. And in the shops and the restaurants Dora's lowered the lights again another 25 per cent.; but that, they say, is because Paris, feeling cheery, is going to turn 'em up. There's only one source for coal, you see.

AND talking of hiding lights, wasn't it exquisitely German, the Hun's request—directly we got within easy bombing distance of Berlin—for a cessation of air-raids on towns outside the war zone? And eighty miles from Berlin! *Quelle chance* for our cavalry of the clouds at last—at last—to pay the enemy back in his own coin in his own capital! When one remembered all those agonising nights this time last year, and those scenes of horror here in London, I'm afraid, you know, one *almost* hoped that they wouldn't be *too* quick fixing up peace at Versailles. We *owed* the Hun that one so very badly.

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BY the way, though the November darkness closes in upon us, I hear from an ex-babelet of the Bounding Blue, that the sea "up there" is, for a wonder, "a good deal more blue and less bounding than is customary at this—or, indeed, at almost any other—season of the year."

Net result—peace with everybody except the infernal Hun. Apropos of which, don't you think, Blanche, that if the diplomats patch up "any old peace" the "Silent Service" might for once break through its reserve and open its long-sealed lips?

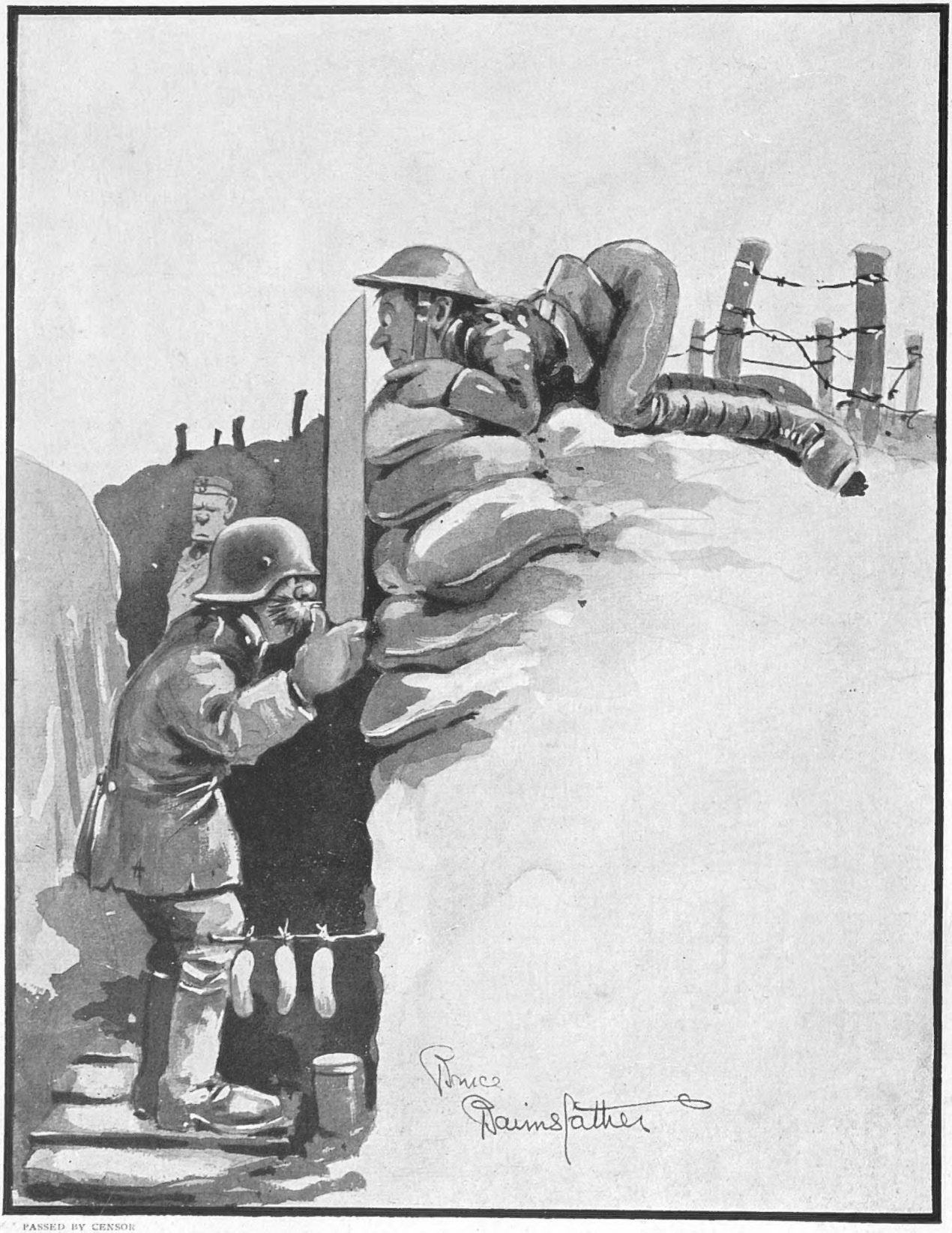
Well, if it did it with *guns*—the answer is in the affirmative.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE

CURTAIN FIRE

Looking for Trouble



PASSED BY CENSOR

"The rash habit Private Lovebird has of sharing the same periscope with the opposition across the way is bound to lead to trouble"

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

The Gallant Forty-Five

by REGINALD ARKELL

Illustrated by WILTON WILLIAMS

"No commission for you, old thing!"

II.

BATMAN

A gallant fellow who is paid
For never going on parade.

THE time had come to say good-bye . . . . . I felt a twinge of home-sickness for all the good things that London had to offer. Shorn of some former glories she might be, but enough remained to leaven the parting with a pang. I thought of all those good times which make of memory a lucky-bag of sweets and sours. Of the Circus—the hub on which the world spins. Of Leicester Square in rain and Regent Street in shine. Of first nights at the Haymarket and last nights at the Gaiety. Of big dinners at the Carlton and little dinners in Soho. Of Covent Garden with its music and its motley. Of wines not too good, and of women not too bad. Of the old Adelphi with its quiet ghosts, and of the mysterious river setting silently seaward beneath the more mysterious stars.

. . . . . .

I apologised to a careless lamp-post that had barged into me, and then looked round for Maggie—but she had gone.

I never saw her again, and whether she is still faithful I cannot say.

"I apologised to a careless lamp-post that had barged into me"

How fine—how difficult—a thing:
To serve one's country and one's King.

LORD MILNER had not returned from lunch when I reached the War Office, but a young lady with a teatray had the goodness of heart to pass me on to another young lady and she in turn referred me to a boy scout who was apparently running the war for the afternoon.

I gathered that some trifling formality prevented his granting me a commission on the spot, but he hinted that the Y.M.C.A. was short of helpers, or, if I had been three years in the Special Constabulary, I *might* get work at the docks, starting as a lance-corporal (unpaid). Failing that, there was always the Royal Defence Corps, or——

Doubtless he had it in mind to urge the claims of the decrepit dustmen of Deptford or the bow-legged bathchairmen of Bournemouth. Under his guidance I might even have risen in time to the acting, temporary rank of commissionaire at the Walham Green Empire. There are no heights to which a really ambitious man may not aspire in these democratic days.

I thanked him, adding that it was not fair to hang up our offensive on the Western Front by taking up more of his time.

He reminded me that a busy man could always find time for a little job of that sort. If I had been in the Volunteers of course——

I shook my head sadly. It was still a sore point with me that I had been rejected by the Royal Rutland Dragoons in 1890, on medical grounds.

. . . . .

Pass along, where glory waits;
Scrub your floors and clean your plates.

MY young nephew, who was at Sandhurst when the war started, and is now a major in the Guards, was not very helpful.

"No commission for you, old thing," he said in his irreverent way. "All that back-stair business has been a wash-out for months past. You'll have to join

"THE GALLANT FORTY-FIVER" (*continued*)

up in the ordinary way and trust to luck. In your case there should be no difficulty. You'll be in the *Gazette* in no time."

"Am I to understand," I said, "that you anticipate my promotion upon the stricken field?"

"Good Lord, no!" he replied. "They'll be so damned sick of you that they'll recommend you for a commission. In the first place there will be trouble about your uniform—you're not exactly what we call a stock size. Then you'll have to be excused P.T.——"

"Life is getting very abbreviated," I sighed. "Who is P.T., anyway?"

"'On the hands down,' and all that sort of rot," he replied. "Then, of course, you'll be a pukka dud with the bayonet——"

"Proceed," I urged, "with your exhaustive catalogue of my infirmities. I am interested."

"Every specialist officer will be heartily sick of you in a week," he rambled on. "They will make you a cook in the sergeants' mess because you are fat, and you will burn their porridge the first morning."

"At least," said I, "there is an excellent military precedent for that."

"You will then," he continued, "become, in turn, battalion postman, librarian, institute orderly, passing, by way of the sanitary fatigue, into the officers' Mess."

"As a resident?" I hazarded.

"As a waiter," he replied brutally. "Having broken the heart of the P.M.C. by advising the Colonel not to drink the Mess port, you will probably be recommended for a commission."

"And then," said I, "my troubles will be over."

"On the contrary," said he, "your troubles will then begin."

* * * *

Behold, we tremble on the brink,
And—What about another drink?

WAR is a great leveller. Until now my nephew had never been found lacking in that respect which youth owes to crabbed age.

At the very excellent preparatory school, near Bexhill, to which my sister sent him on my recommendation, I had always been a welcome guest. At Sandhurst an occasional "fiver" had served to cement our mutual regard.

And now the young cub consigned me to the sanitary fatigue—pitched me on the dust-heap—without a word of apology.

I was almost tempted to chuck up the whole business. If this were the treatment meted out to a free man, what would happen if I ever had the misfortune to fall into his clutches?

I made a mental note that on no consideration whatever would I have anything to do with the Guards, and then, having had my revenge, I took him to dinner at the Trocadero where, like old soldiers, star-spangled syncopations never die.

Over a Grand Marnier, he remarked thoughtfully that it would be the last meal we should have together for a long time.

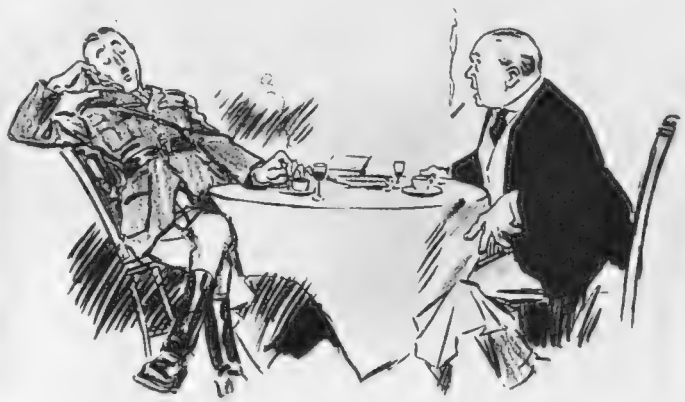
"Surely," said I, "they are not going to send you out again so soon!"

"No immediate danger," he replied; "but as you must see for yourself, old top, an officer and a private can't very well hob-nob in public."

"Good God!" said I. "Do you mean to say that a man who fights for his country may not feed with his friends out of office hours?"

"That's about the size of it," he replied cheerfully.

Once again I was almost persuaded to leave England to her fate, but my nephew (who will make a very good recruiting sergeant when, as I hope, he loses his present job) got me going again.



"An officer and a private can't very well hob-nob in public"

"Of course," he said, "all regiments may not be like that. It is possible that in certain battalions the latest recruit under the new calling-up notice will be met at the station by the Colonel's Ford car, and be given a tent to himself until he decides who are the really nice men in the battalion. Then, again, the Adjutant might take him out for a night or two until the first strangeness wore off."

"I am convinced," said I, "that such consideration would add to the efficiency of the average soldier."

"Particularly," said my nephew, "in the case of those unfortunate young men, who, having a natural repugnance to the military life, have been dragged unwillingly from their homes."

"My dear Jack," I said in a burst of appreciation for such humane ideas, "I owe you an apology. What you have said throws a new light on your character. I suppose you have no particular battalion in mind?"

"Depends entirely on your C.O.," he replied. "The best men are always open to suggestions."

"I see your point," I said. "I'll get busy directly I join my unit. Shall I mention your name?"

"Don't trouble," said my nephew. "Much better come straight from you. A little point of military etiquette, that's all."

"Undoubtedly," said I, "they order this matter better in the Guards."

(To be continued next week)

"Dost Remember It, William?"

A FAMOUS PHRASE ILLUSTRATED

THE COLISEUM

By "JINGLE" *Illustrated by LEWIS BAUMER*

DOLLY VICTORIA AND HER BICYCLE

THE leading feature on the programme on the evening of our visit was the Russian Ballet. The story that was told for our delight was entitled "The Good-Humoured Ladies," an adaptation of one of Goldini's justly celebrated Italian comedies set to the music of the younger Scarlatti. The performance was a marvel of quaint and delicate beauty from first to last, and I found it enjoyable in the extreme. It is, perhaps, a little odd that we should always have to look to intelligent foreigners for perfection in entertainments of this class. It may be that after the war, when the arts have come into their own again, native talent may be encouraged a little more generously. The contrast between this dainty affair and what generally passes for a ballet among us is not at all encouraging for the moment.

THE story is lightness itself, and even if at times it is not quite easy to follow, you can always make up for the deficiency by gloating over the vigorous colours of the costumes, and the dancing that is as light as the footsteps of a butterfly. There was a famous Hebrew runner of old, whose step was so swift and so light that it was claimed for him that he could run across a field of corn, springing lightly from one ear to another without breaking it down as he passed over it. The members of the Russian Ballet must have heard of that chap and are no doubt trying to break his record. There is a playful way, too, about the dancers as though they wished us to understand that they were only doing that sort of thing for a lark, and did not expect to be taken seriously; and this, combined with the gossamer texture of the performance as a whole, made it a singularly refreshing experience.

NEIL KENYON

THE Good-Humoured Ladies are out for a little fun at Carnival time. One of them, for instance, sends a message to Rinaldo, her sweetheart, to the effect that he will presently meet a lady wearing a pink bow (*inter alia*, of course) who is much in love with him; and as he is already affianced, it is clear that the pink-bowed one is playing with fire rather considerably. In due course she dances on the scene, but we soon observe that she is one of the timid ones, and Rinaldo, in spite of his desperate efforts to meet her advances in the spirit in which he understands they have been made, makes no progress to speak of. The lady slips finally through his arms and disappears, and presently another dances on in her place. Finally, with Boccaccio-like humour, the Marquise Silvestra is introduced. She, too, wears the tell-tale pink bow, and as she seems more affectionately disposed than the other ladies, Rinaldo goes to the length of lifting her mask, only to find that she is plainness itself and very middle-aged at that. His first impulse is to make a bolt for it; but the Marquise has evidently been there before, and she hangs on to the arm of her unwilling conquest and drags him off to the Carnival.

THE Good Humour then makes fun of an old nobleman who has a weakness for, as you might say, chasing the girls. A couple of young men dress in feminine attire, and look to all appearance so like the real thing that you can see that

the old boy is only waiting his chance to ask them where they are going to on Sunday, or something of that sort. Presently the Marquise Silvestra comes back alone, the young man having evidently succeeded in shaking her off, and the Good-Humoured Ladies see a chance for some more fun. They persuade the waiter at the café to disguise himself as a prince, and pay court to the old lady. The waiter effects the disguise mainly by drawing a pair of very bright yellow knickerbockers over his everyday ones; and by this means it is understood that he will create the impression of wealth and rank. The old rhyme says that a breath can make princes; but it now appears that a likely pair of yellow breeches can work the same prodigious miracle. As will be seen, the story is airy and inconsequential to a degree; and the miming and dancing that expound it are of the same delightful quality. The star of the evening was Madame Lopokova, who was ably seconded by M. Leonide Massine and a very well-drilled company.

THE rest of the programme at the Coliseum that evening was of the usual variety kind. There were Jean and Josie, for instance, described as "Studies in Flexibility." These two ladies appear to have been built without backbones, and consequently they are able to twist themselves about into all sorts of amazing attitudes. One of them, for instance, stands on the stage and leans over backwards and picks up a cigarette from the floor at her feet with her dainty lips. Of course, a quicker way to pick up a cigarette is to reach out for it with your hand; but then people wouldn't pay away good money to see a simple exhibition like that. Another turn of the athletic type is supplied by Miss Dolly Victoria on a bicycle which she has trained so well that it will do almost anything except bark at her. As she rides it, it stops while she crawls round it to change her position, and at the word of command it rears up on its hind wheel with a promptitude that shows very careful and intelligent training. Miss Dolly is certainly the best

CLARICE MAYNE AND 'THAT'

trick cyclist I remember to have seen.

MISS CLARICE MAYNE and "That" are evidently great favourites at the Coliseum. They seemed quite at home that evening and apparently enjoyed the turn as much as the audience did—and that is saying a good deal. Miss Mayne is an accomplished dancer, and, with the help of some clever children, she afforded us a very pleasant quarter of an hour. "That" is, of course, an all-round musician, and his work at the piano is a very important part of the turn. There was a genial homeliness about it all which was not its least delightful feature. Then there was Mr. Neil Kenyon, who played once more the parts in which I last saw him. He is such an admirable humorist that it seems a pity that he should give so much time to the rather ordinary playlet with a purpose, emphasising the necessity for mounting guns on small craft. Perhaps, however, it is considered useful propaganda work; and in these times we must encourage everybody and everything that will help us to get on with the war.

LYDIA LOPOKOVA

LUBOV TCHERNICHEVA IN 'THE GOOD HUMOURED LADIES'

MR. KENYON is vastly more entertaining, however, as the Spring Poet, and he has here besides a character whose patter can easily be varied and kept up to date. Some of the poet's attempts are quite rich and Mr. Kenyon's apologetic way of delivering them gives them an added quality they might not otherwise possess. He was extraordinarily successful, too, in his sudden turn from gay to grave. At the end of a string of jokes that kept the house in one continuous roar, he recited some moving lines in honour of the boys "out there," and held the audience spellbound. The London Coliseum seems easily to maintain its reputation for refined and excellent entertainment. JINGLE

"Hullo America!"

Photograph *Rita Martin*

MISS MADELINE SEYMOUR

Playing in the Revue "Hullo America!" at the Palace Theatre

PASSED BY CENSOR

KIS

M E T

After the well-known Academy picture by J. Dollman

The Real "Old Bill"

EVER since Captain Bairnsfather's Old Bill became a world-wide celebrity of such importance as to convey the impression that this is really his war, THE BYSTANDER has been inundated with fantastic claims from fine old British soldiers, each of whom has not hesitated to assert that he is the actual individual whose amiable eccentricities have been chronicled in our pages since the early days of the war.

THE fact is, of course, that Old Bill is not a portrait at all. He was built up in the manner familiar to all creators of popular characters, a bit from here and a bit from there. His extraordinary popularity is due to the fact that he represents not an individual, but a type composed of many examples. This obvious fact, however, does not deter optimists from asserting that they are the only originals in the case. Some of them even go so far as to send their photographs as collateral evidence, so to speak, of their unimpeachable veracity; but I remain hard-hearted and incredulous in spite of all.

BILL, as we know him, is something else besides a rough old soldier with more moustache than any reasonable man needs for his personal use. The mere possession of such a moustache would not necessarily constitute a family likeness, because it would, perhaps, be unaccompanied by the rich, deep hazel eyes that are so brilliantly depicted by Captain Bairnsfather in our pages week by week; and even if a claimant in this matter could prove that he positively had the moustache and the eyes, he would probably give himself away by claiming that he had been piously brought up. Whatever Old Bill's failings may be, that, at least, cannot be fairly alleged against him.

THE grim old soldier, with a rough and ready wit, who was a little less than tolerant of the younger and greener men with whom he had to serve, was a very common object of the trenches in the early days of the war. There are many examples of his kind in Captain Bairnsfather's earlier sketches, before they were gradually combined into a single composite character and Old Bill was evolved for the world's delight. Even the excessive moustache was not Old Bill's exclusive characteristic in the days of his youth, as it were. In one or the other of its forms it was originally worn by many of Bairnsfather's characters, and on one occasion at least it served to decorate the stern and majestic features of the A.P.M. himself.

HOSPITAL WORKER: "Would you be so good as to get me a pail of water, my man?"
PATIENT: "Dash me, woman, I'm a major!"
HOSPITAL WORKER: "Dash me, man, I'm a duchess!"

ANYONE who claims to be the "original" of Old Bill must, to say the least, be a person of very versatile appearance, as a reference to some of his earlier "portraits" will prove. It is not everyone who can grow a moustache like the legs of a spider one week, and the following week sport an outfit of "face fungus" like the whiskers of a walrus. As to Old Bill's present moustache, all I can suggest is that Captain Bairnsfather ought to put it up for sale in sections at the next Red Cross function he attends.

FINALLY, I think that anyone claiming to be the original of our dear friend ought to be able to show that he possesses at least a little of the old fellow's keen and sprightly wit. And this would not be easy, because, wherever the other parts of his composite character may have been derived from, this particular ingredient happens to have been supplied with inimitable perfection by Captain Bairnsfather himself.

Profit-tears

PASSED BY CENSOR

THE PROFITEER *(lamenting the shortage of raw material)*: "Yes, this would 'a been a good war if we could 'ave 'ad it in peace-time"

The Mark of the Beast

By DELL LEIGH

It was I who made an exhibition of myself, and he who remained calm and dignified through it all.

I had not seen him for years, and even then he was but a chance pre-war acquaintance, whom I had forgotten until he hailed me by name at the *Cloiserie des Lilas* as I passed his table.

I looked down into the steady, rather grave eyes of Tom Jones, and remembered him vaguely as a fellow traveller on a suburban train who collected stamps. Wouldn't I dine with him? Beastly dining alone; and I agreed. He was much thinner, surely? Yes, he believed he was. He had two little cellular patches on his face, one on each cheek, like eye patches that you buy at the chemist's, held together by a thin elastic cord, which went round his head.

I had seen so much of war, telescopically, in varied phases, that I surmised glancing shrapnel and wondered why the nose had not been touched. It was only after dinner, when we had exhausted pre-war reminiscences, in which neither of us was much interested, that I inquired as to his war service. He had been, before, a half-book man with a firm of brokers in Draper's Gardens. Now he was in Paris doing "special" work for the *Megaphone*, and watching the Versailles Council for his paper, he told me.

Wounded? No, not exactly. I had drawn attention twice, I think, to the funny little eye patches on his cheeks; rude of me, no doubt, but I was interested in wounds of all kinds, and had seen thousands. He resigned himself to the inevitable and smiled gravely at my questioning. Then he pushed his coffee cup aside and leant forward, looking at me reflectively through cigarette smoke.

He had been taken prisoner early in '15. He went out with the Blankshires in December, '14. You remember the thick time they had at X——, and the casualties?

He was moved from prison camp to prison camp with the rest. Some were fair, as things go, you know, and some very bad.

It appeared he had given trouble from the start, though his tale, as all such are from men of action, was disjointed. He was always plotting and scheming to escape, and whilst a novice at German prison camps of course his endeavours were frustrated by exposure of plan, and dire punishment followed.

But at length removal to a lax camp, adjacent to a river, gave him the necessary opportunity, and trusty comrades, lacking the same nerve as his own, helped him to get away. For three days and three nights he headed south-west, and breathed comparative safety. Then a shepherd's dog smelt him out as he lay hidden in the gorse, and his lack of a suitable sentence in German betrayed him to the shepherd. And again incarceration; again the penalty of which one does not write; and again black despair. The sudden thought of my feelings when I missed the last train from Charing Cross last Thursday broke in upon me here, and I was sore ashamed. But he continued in the same toneless voice of a man telling a tale oft told, and to be told again, to such as me.

A year slid away—a year thick with the dirge of drudgery, emblazoned with soulless reiteration, and awfulness. And again the opportunity, quickly conceived, as quickly taken; and again freedom. This time there was a compass, bars of chocolate—and other things. A wandering with dogged determination by night towards the goal of the frontier, and laying up, like an owl, in foliage by day. A false-step on the edge of a chalk quarry in the blackness, a sprained ankle, and discovery at dawn by an outpost of Uhlans. And once more prison and the abyss of cells.

But he was now a marked man. The last internment camp had been considered impregnable of egress. He had been the first to dispute the claim with success. He was a phenomenon, and must be dealt with as such.

Here Tom Jones, the erstwhile suburban insignificant, smiled, and paused.

"So, you see, they determined to make quite sure of me. They circulated my description all over the country, I understand. Easy enough because of these." He lifted the cellular patches. On each cheek they had tattooed in green and purple *The German Eagle*. I gasped and swore. He merely smiled wearily.

"No, I was not repatriated. I got away again. And here I am."

How he succeeded the third time may be told after the war, but not now.

For there *are* others where he came from.

1919

TOMMY (*who has done his bit, to munition worker*): "You know all abaht *certified occupations*—git on with it!"

Daughter of "The Soul of Anzac"

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

MISS BIRDWOOD

Who is nursing in a first line General Australian Hospital, is the daughter of General Sir William Birdwood, known as "The Soul of Anzac"

Post-War Fancies

PASSED BY CENSOR

Furore caused by Lady Kitty Driver who is unable entirely to forgo war-time habiliments

14 Points of Agreement with Germany

THE BYSTANDER admits that obedience to the Scriptural injunction to agree with the adversary "while he is in the way" is a difficult task when the adversary is such a beast as Germany has proved herself to be. Besides, the Germans are continually changing their addresses, under the pressure of Foch, Haig and Company. But there is such a thing as agreeing to differ, so to speak. That is to say, we can agree that if Germany had won the war there would have been a decided change in all our social and domestic arrangements. We can agree:

1. That the idea of the Kaiser and Hindenburg goose-stepping across a ruined Westminster, greeted by a beggared British Prime Minister, would have been the acme of the comic.
2. That a Germanised Pantomime at Drury Lane would have been full of "fat" things.
3. That the customary mixture of toys, Christmas fare, and struggling shoppers in the Tubes and Trams, would have been still more delightfully confused by the aid of armed German policemen.
4. That Prussianised dances would afford an admirable outlet for looting and hating proclivities.
5. That the Crown Prince would enjoy the freedom to seize the watches of the Knights and Barons of British aristocracy.
6. That the noisy enjoyments of the Christmas dinner, emanating from the German guests, would have been a thing to remember.
7. That Merry Buxton would have been made Buxton Bad for the German Christmas festivities.
8. That the Boche designs of Christmas toys would have brought a season of "frightfulness" into the nursery.
9. That the prescribed method of cooking your goose would have been shooting with foul gases.
10. That the lesson of "Will to Power" would have been substituted for the Christmas "Goodwill to Men."
11. That "The laughter of the fool" over fruitless victory is like the "crackle of thorns under the pot," and ends in dust and ashes.
12. That the man from Kissingen would not have been favoured in the "Kissing Game."
13. That the Midinettes of Paris would not accept the invitation to cheer the Kaiser.
14. That the Germans have not won the war, as you may see from the beautiful double-page picture, in colour, in the centre of

THE BYSTANDER ANNUAL, on Sale November 18th, Price 2/-

Because President Wilson has set the example, and we are too modest to attempt to go one better than so illustrious a negotiator, we have restricted ourselves to fourteen points; but there are hundreds more in the afore-mentioned ANNUAL, brilliantly adorned by productions from the pens and pencils of our artists and writers.

The Salute

OLD GUARD (1914): "Present—Arms!"
NEW GUARD (1918): "Present—Arms!"

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around the seat of the trousers, transforming the drab handiwork of a Buenos Ayres tailor into a masterpiece of artistic design. It was felt at the time that to disturb my trousers would be little short of vandalism, and they still remain untouched at the bottom of a trunk in the hallowed exclusion of the club luggage depository.

Visions of myself parading the Boulevards attired as a perfect gentleman rose up before me, and in a state of feverish excitement I began to pull on the stranger's trousers, only to find to my mortification that they fitted me like a pair of skintights. Out of deference to the prestige of the British nation I decided, with reluctance, to continue to go about disguised as a soldier.

Yours ever,
JACK JOHNSON

"I have read all their letters to make me forget the 'grippe'"

IN PARIS: "LE COURRIER DE MLLE. AGNÈS"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

MES AMIS—

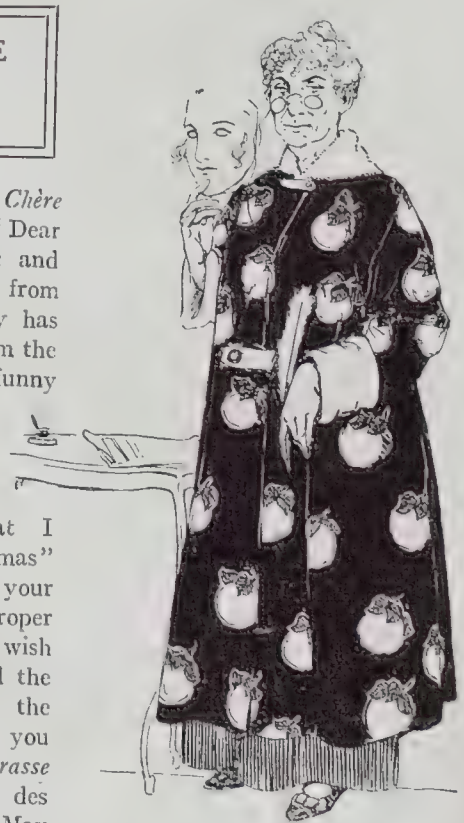
SINCE five days, like all the world, I am ill of *la grippe*. How it is miserable to lie in the bed and have not so much strength even to read the good news of the *communiqué* or to endure that Léonie should brush one's hair. One time the pillow is too high and another time it is too low, and one is too hot or too cold. So many tortures are there that the life is not to be endured.

BUT to-day I have again better health, and I have thought of my friends of THE BYSTANDER. So many I do not know, but there are many who have written so nice letters to me in the last year. It is your English soldiers who write, and to-day I have read again all their letters to make me forget the *grippe*.

SOME write to me "*Chère Mademoiselle*" and some "Dear Agnès," which is very nice; and there are in my packet letters from Palestine, where your Allenby has won so great a victory, and from the Macédoine and Bagdad. So funny a letter it is from Bagdad.

IT is from a lieutenant, who says: "Do not be shocked, dear lady, that I write to you in my pyjamas"—*la la!* and I have read your letter in my bed, Mr. Very Proper Englishman—"It is because I wish to think of cool things, and the sweetest, coolest place in all the world that I am so bold. Do you know where it is? It is the *terrasse* of a café on the Boulevard des Capucines, at six o'clock on a May evening. I think M. Poncin, who draws such clever sketches for you, will agree with me; and one day when Johnny Turk has ceased from troubling and William Hohenzollern has been hung, I am coming there again. Will you come with me, *belle marquise*?"

BUT how does he know that the *belle marquise* has not forty years and the weight of a hundred kilos? Perhaps, Mr. Lieutenant, I am very ugly, and how you will be disappointed of your evening if it was a M. Poncin with a long beard and a Mlle. Agnès with the grey hairs who would come to your café.



"How does he know that the 'belle marquise' has not forty years . . .?"

"THE BYSTANDER OVERSEAS" (*concluded*)

He is not so cautious that one as another who has written, it is some months, in very exact French from a somewhere in India, where it was also very hot, and he was very cross because the Government would not allow that he should come to France to fight, and the "Mahsuds," of whom I have not ever heard, would not fight any more. "*Peut on être indiscret,*" he has asked, "is it that the illustration of M. Poncin is a portrait of you?"

MONSIEUR, in the Normandy our wise peasants are very cautious to reply: "*Peut-être bien que oui, et peut-être bien que non,*" and it is so my answer.

IN the Flanders, I think, they have not so much time to write the long letters. It is only when they have the need of something that they go to the Y.M.C.A. and write like my brother Frédéric: "*Chérie,* I have received your packet of chocolate. *Merci, mille fois.* Please send me another and some cigarettes *Anglais,* soon. I have very good health and we are beating the Boche. *A bientôt.*"

ALL my letters from the Flanders are like that. There is of them one who wishes that I shall every week send to him THE BYSTANDER. There is another who has betted his "pal" five francs that Louis XV. was the great grandson of Louis XIV., "and perhaps you can settle it, Miss," and there are, oh! so many, who want a "*gentille marraine.*"

ALWAYS these *messieurs* who wish to have *marraines* make great compliments to the "*belles Françaises,*" who are so "*spirituelles et charmantes,*" and to our brave *poilus*; and it is always the same excuse that they have "to learn better the beautiful French language." *Tiens, tiens! messieurs,* there are very good *grammaires,* which you can buy, and which will not be so dear as those *charmantes Parisiennes* you wish for your professors.

THERE was once—it was when I had only a very few of my letters—that I have showed them to Irene and Germaine Ledoux, and they have done a very wicked thing. Germaine has put one in her muff and together they have written a reply. For three months they have made a correspondence and have kept it quite a secret even from me. Then their *filleul* has written that he would come to Paris for his *permission* and he wished that Germaine, who has signed always the letters, should make a *rendez-vous* by the column of Napoleon in the Place Vendôme.

"'Grammaires' . . . will not be so dear as those 'charmantes Parisiennes'"

HOW they were frightened of what they had done and they have made their confession to me. Then we have planned that we would go all together to see if he should be at the *rendez-vous.* We have arranged to be at the hour exact, and when we were arrived to the column, there was an officer big, enormous, like the Eiffel Tower, who walked up and down and tapped with his stick the ground.

GERMAINE, who is *petite,* had a *crise de cœur* of fear even to regard him. "Oh, he is *trop énorme* for a *filleul,*" she has said. "Hurry Agnès, hurry Irene. Do not stop." Then so strange a thing has happened. The Englishman has not at all regarded us, but quite suddenly has walked across the Place Vendôme and has spoken to a so *chic* widow, and he has had success, for they have walked together up the rue de la Paix.

"*TIENS!* Germaine," I said, "it was not, after all, your Englishman." But she has stamped her foot, and looked so angry. "Oh!" she said. "It is all the fault of Irene and I have lost my *filleul.* She has said when we have written the first time that it was so we would best succeed that I should say I was a widow and he has thought that that one was me."

SO now I do not show to anyone my letters or try to find the *marraines* for my friends. But *messieurs,* I thank you *mille fois* for your letters, which so much have cured the *grippe.*

Your friend,

AGNÈS

PELMANISM AND THE SILVER BADGE.

By George Henry.

IF it were within my power I would so order it that every Silver Badge issued to a discharged soldier would be accompanied by a free enrolment for a course of Pelmanism.

For Pelmanism is of the greatest import to the discharged soldier, and I am putting my views in regard to it upon record because I believe that the lessons to be learned from my own case may be of some service to many thousands of my comrades in the great Brotherhood of the Silver Badge.

It is just a year since the day when I cast aside khaki consigned my tin of "Soldier's Friend" to oblivion, and feverishly arrayed myself in the most flamboyant clothes that my tailor and hosier could provide.

It is twelve months since the day I realised that, after nearly three years' service, I had become a free man—free to order my comings and goings as I listed—free from the tyranny of the bugle call—free to follow the dictates of my own will in everything, unhedged by restriction or prohibition.

And I was eager to burst upon a civilian world with all the theatrical *flaire* of a newly-discovered prima donna. In my innocence I thought that this same civilian world was waiting to lay bare its rewards before the sword of my wits.

But I was soon to discover that my view-point savoured of the unsophisticated. It had not occurred to me that the battle for a living was quite as strenuous as ever—indeed, had intensified during war-time—and that in going "over the top" in business or professional life one must still be equipped with the most effective mental munitions.

In my pre-war days I had gained a comfortable income in the practice of my profession. My mind had enjoyed ample exercise and was always (if I may be forgiven the simile) at "concert pitch." And so I thought that, with a world teeming with new topics, ideas, and ideals I could not fail to produce of my best, and rebuild my shattered fortunes.

I took a holiday, and, returning, came to my desk filled with a resolve to work as never I had worked before.

It was just there that I came down to earth, and the bubbles of my childlike faith bespattered themselves on the stones of reality.

One morning of fruitless, futile scribbling showed me that nearly three years' service as a soldier had had its inevitable effect on my mental processes.

That nimble wit I had been so proud to possess positively would not be stimulated; that ability to analyse a subject and classify its components that had made my previous work clear and forceful had fled; that ease in the choice of the right word that had made work a recreation had taken a fancy for aviation and winged away.

And it was not just a matter of mood, for this inability to work persisted. In a week or two there came the realisation that it was a chronic state. The reason was not far to seek. For nearly three years my every-day activities had been planned ahead for me. Almost my every action had been governed by the decisions of my superior officers. Day and night, week in week out, I had, and rightly so, surrendered myself to the mechanical will of the military machine. My thinking had been done for me. I had no reason to think for myself. Indeed, I soon learned that "thinking for oneself" was a short path to the pleasures of "pack-drill."

All of which resulted in a brain lying fallow. Its functions had not been properly exercised—it was a great obese brain, over-fed with facts and impressions, suffering from a species of mental indigestion, torpid, and unresponsive to my will.

I had indeed come to a pretty pass! It was necessary for me to earn at least double as much as in pre-war days merely to provide the bread and butter of respectability. How was I to make provision for this—much less for the occasional jam that makes life livable—with my mind rusted, faculties blunted, and thinking-power to a great extent atrophied by disuse?

Obsessed by this sort of query, little wonder that that sneaking little traitor, the Imp of Introspection, came upon the scene. I gave way to depression and doubt, and feared for my future. I began to think that I was going to be one of life's "wash-outs," and in the light of later learning, I really think I did for a time belong to that peculiar species of humanity—until Pelmanism came to me!

Until Pelmanism came to me—by the prosaic path of a daily paper announcement, and the subsequent clipping of a coupon. Many thousands of Silver Badge men have hesitated over that same coupon. I wish I could make them realise to the full the import of it. For Pelmanism gave me what it has given many a thousand men and women. It gave me courage first of all. The first "little Grey Book" refreshed and stung my mind into activity, just as a plunge into a cold bath re-invigorates a tired body.

The Imp of Introspection and the legions of other mental devils who are his co-mates, fled from my ken. I had no further use for them, and as "Grey Book" followed "Grey Book" and the fascinating exercises of Pelmanism unfolded their interest and charm, my mind began to bestir itself and throw off the shackles of its hibernation.

Pelmanism changed my whole outlook on life, gave me new interests, and made me THINK.

My mind began to function once more speedily and easily. I found that I could collect my thoughts, concentrate on a subject, analyse and classify possibilities, and, finally, express myself without the hair-tearing and other temperamental performances which are popularly supposed to be the accompaniment of creative work. The upshot is that to-day my work is accomplished with ease, and I am never tired of reiterating the fact that Pelmanism pays for itself a thousandfold.

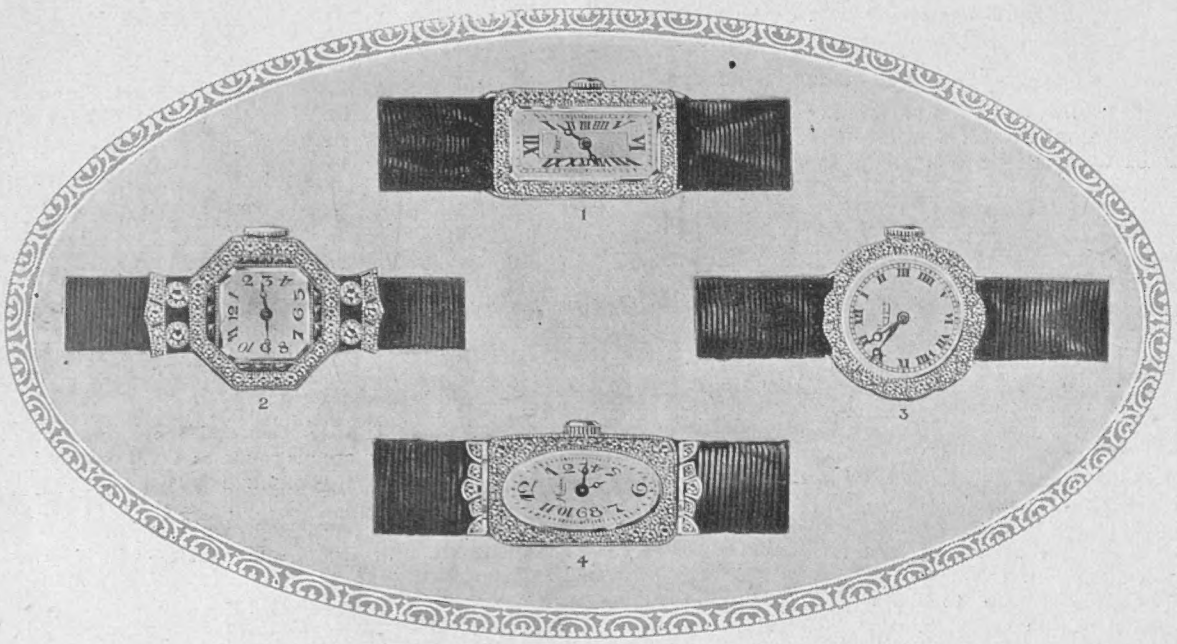
So much for my personal experiences of Pelmanism. I have dealt with my own case at length, because it is typical of thousands of others. I have lately had an opportunity of investigating the work of Pelmanism, and found that the register of the Pelman Institute teems with cases of students who, at their introduction to the Course, had suffered from the same mental "dry-rot" that was once my portion. I found, too, that among my brothers of the Silver Badge there is a great army of Pelmanists equipping itself for the stern struggle for a living that follows the laying down of the weapons of war. In many cases, officers who have appreciated the qualities of the men who served under them have paid for a course of Pelmanism for such men on their discharge from the Service.

And no person who can read can escape the wonderful tributes which are being paid to Pelmanism by distinguished men in every section of the Press.

Yes, Pelmanism is without doubt a vital necessity for the discharged soldier. For it is the men of the "Silver Badge" and their comrades who will return when peace comes—the youth of the world—upon whom the duty of rebuilding a new social order on the ashes of the old will devolve. It is the youth of the world who, when the peace comes, must so order things that the peace shall be kept and the earth cleansed of the corruption and loose thinking that played a great part in bringing about the mud-and-blood welter of the last four years. And to equip them for their labours in this respect, as well as for their own individual welfare, I think that Pelmanism is of inestimable value.

* * * * * *

The Pelman Institute publishes a small book, "Mind and Memory," in which Pelmanism is fully explained and illustrated; and a supplement treating of "Pelmanism as an Intellectual and social Factor." These two publications, together with a reprint of "Truth's" Report on the Pelman Institute and its work, will be sent gratis and post free to any reader of THE BYSTANDER *who addresses a post-card to the Pelman Institute, 27, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1. All correspondence is confidential.*



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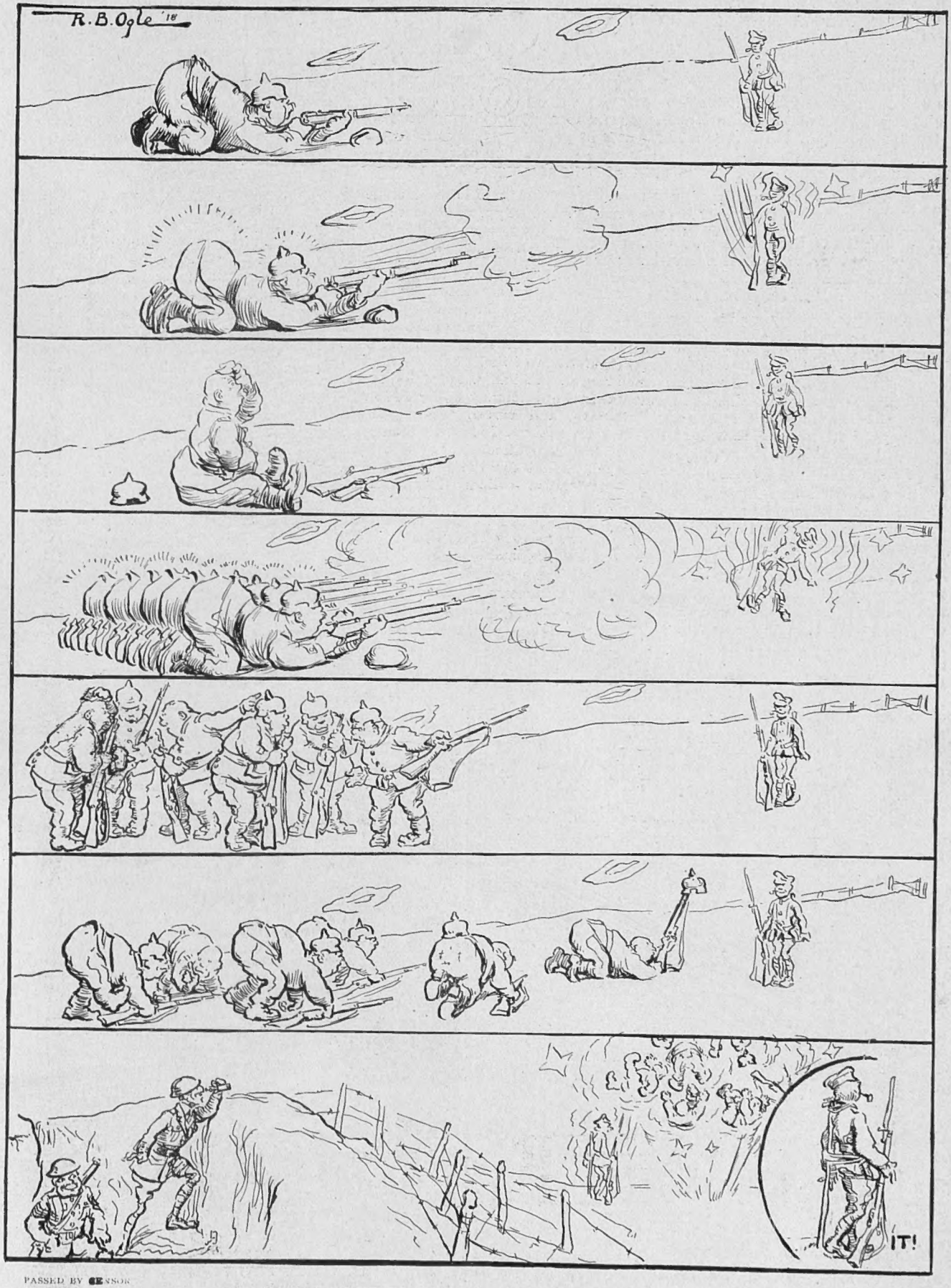
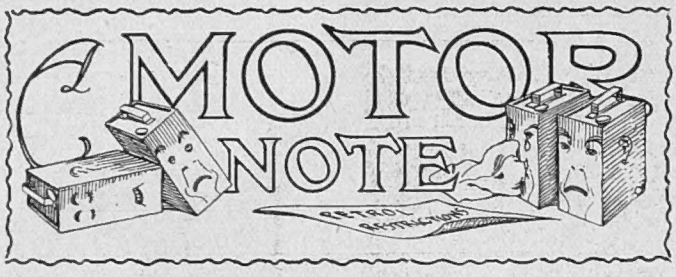


PASSED BY CENSOR

THE SNIPER AND THE SENTRY



"S. F." on Starters

MR. S. F. EDGE, who has recently developed into a sort of democratic lord of the manor in a co-partnership agricultural community, I gather, has an opinion on that starter discussion. He says, frankly, that he would not be bothered after the war with a car that was not equipped with an engine-starting device. He goes farther, and says that when Mr. Charles Vandervell gave us his electrical starting set he did something very big towards the popularisation of motoring, of owner-driver motoring, among people who previously had never regarded it as possible. In fact, says "S.F.," a "C.A.V." set, or the next best thing, will be included in the standard equipment of every really well-furnished car after the war.

He agrees with me, however, that it is ridiculous to suppose that those who are concentrating on producing cars to beat the lowest-priced Americans will be able to afford to give us good starting sets. Come to think of it, not even Mr. Henry Ford to-day can offer self-starting Fords! And if he cannot, enjoying all the advantages which his company do in the matter of quantity-production, what precisely are the chances of British manufacturers of similarly inexpensive machines being able to include so necessarily costly a refinement?

* * *

A Vauxhall "Sixteen"

ONE hears that the Vauxhall company are intending to revive their 15.9 h.p. four-cylindered model directly they are released from war-work. This model was last built (as an item of their standard output) in 1910. It had a monobloc motor measuring internally 85 by 102 millimetres, and was a really splendid car of its rating. In fact, it would never have been discontinued but that the demand for the four-cylindered "20" and six-cylindered "30" Vauxhalls, towards the end of the year mentioned, made it commercially impracticable to continue turning out the smaller chassis.

* * *

Rover Rumours

THE fact that the Rover Company's works have for two or three years past been very largely busied with the manufacture (for the British Government) of Sunbeam cars, would appear to have suggested that this famous Coventry house were about to take over the car section of the Sunbeam business, leaving the Sunbeam works at Wolverhampton free to concentrate upon aircraft motors.

This is not the programme at all. Immediately they are in a position to do so, the Rover folk will resume the construction of the 12 h.p. Rover, widely recognised as Britain's finest example of completely-equipped car value. It is possible that the Rover company, with the advantage of works extensions conferred upon them by their activities O.H.M.S., will resume the manufacture of two other models after the war—one smaller and one larger than the signally successful "twelve," but it may be accepted as authoritative that nothing but Rovers will be built in the Rover works when once the Government's appetite for Rover-built Sunbeams is satisfied.

Don't shy at that dangerous turning! Get your car fitted with a C.A.V. LIGHTING SET. The system which comes out on top always.—C. A. VANDERVELL and Co., Ltd, Acton, London, W. 3.

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It is unnecessary to insist on the obvious merit of a cigar that has won the favour of members of the Upper House.

But insistence may well be laid on the *price* of "La Meriel."

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47/- PER 100; 23/6 PER 50.

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And jot down the name in your diary—

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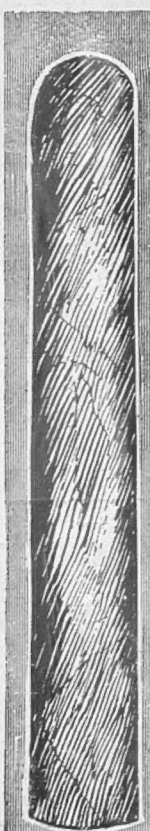

As Illustrated

La Meriel DE LUXE

C.F.H.

Buick

When the beams dance for Delight

WHEN the spirit of the carnival returns, Milady views the gaiety from her Buick. Her grace is only rivalled by the beauty of her car.

You know the Buick, you know its charms. You remember how the "six" eclipsed all others in its class. You recall its popularity and you've heard the praise of those who owned and drove it. *Remember, there's a waiting list!*

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